



Thoreau Society Bulletin

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From the Editor

This issue of the *Thoreau Society Bulletin* is dedicated to the memory of Bradley P. Dean, who edited the journal from 1991 until 1998 and then again from 2002 to his death in January 2006. Brad succeeded Walter Harding, who founded the *Bulletin* and was its sole editor until Brad took it over. It was both symbolically and practically appropriate that the journal pass from one Thoreauvian to another in this way, for Brad shared Walter's devotion and industry in recovering Thoreau's life and work. In Brad's words, the *Bulletin* should present "information of lasting value relating to Henry D. Thoreau—information that readers two, ten, and fifty years from now will find both interesting and informative."

As it turns out, the current number of the *Bulletin* is largely devoted to remembrances. Not only are we honoring Brad Dean, but several other of the articles focus on the relationship between life and death. Leslie Perrin Wilson brings to light a forgotten obituary and diary excerpts of Martha Hunt, who was memorialized in fiction as the model for Zenobia in Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*. Ed Schofield describes the devotion of John Carradine to Thoreau's work, and, in an article originally suggested by Brad, Ben Fisher remembers Kenneth Walter Cameron, a man whose work is important to every scholar working in the field of the American Renaissance. While death is painful, even shattering to those who remain, Thoreau himself understood that it is an integral part of life and that living well was the only acceptable prelude to that inevitable close of the body's existence.

I count myself one of Brad's many friends, though I did not know him personally all that well. We did, however, have a vigorous email exchange over the past several years, most notably when he was working on his edition of the Thoreau/Blake correspondence, *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker*. Brad was a model of scholarly cooperation. Never did he have a fact, an idea, or even a hunch, that he would not share. He constantly surprised me in his ability to find information that no one else had thought to look for. He even turned up a new Thoreau letter in what was at once the most unlikely and the most obvious of places: in a volume that Thoreau had taken from the Harvard College library. When Thoreau returned it, he wrote a note that the librarian simply put in the book and then replaced the book on the shelf. There the book stayed for a century and a half until Brad opened it.

Brad and I shared a certain skepticism about many critical points of view that have come to dominate the study of American

literature, and I confess that I enjoyed giving him the chance to make unexpurgated opinions of where we are and aren't—and he never failed to respond. He could be rough and direct in his opinions, but Brad was as fundamentally committed to the study of Thoreau's life and writing as anyone I know. I enjoyed his presence, his mind, and his work. As he did with so many others, he helped make me a better Thoreauvian. Brad had many projects underway or planned when he died, projects that called for special skills that few of us have. For me and for many, Brad's death is a personal and a scholarly loss.

Bradley P. Dean (February 4, 1954-January 14, 2006)

Bradley P. Dean was born in the Philippines, the son of Frederick Paul and Ida Mae (Arrand) Dean. After secondary schooling in Hawaii, a tour in the Navy and work in hotel management, Dean received B.A. (1982) and M.A. (1984) degrees from Eastern Washington University and a Ph.D. from the University of Connecticut (1993). He taught at Eastern Washington University, the University of Connecticut, Rhode Island College, East Carolina University and Indiana University. From 1998 to 2002 he was the Director of the Media Center at the Thoreau Institute.

In addition to many essays and lectures, Brad Dean edited and published *Faith in a Seed* (1993), *Wild Fruits* (2000), and *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker* (2004). At the time of his death he was working on, among other projects, Thoreau's "Indian Notebooks."

He is survived by his wife, Debra Kang Dean of Bloomington, Indiana; one son, David P.K. Dean, and his wife, Jessica, of Redwood City, California; his mother, Ida Mae Dean of Spokane, Washington; his father Frederick P. Dean and his wife, E. Kay, of Florence, Colorado; four sisters, Cynthia Miller of Raleigh, North Carolina, Diana Dean of Loveland, Colorado, Lori Dean of Denver, Colorado, Wendy Dean of Spokane, Washington; and two brothers, Gregory Dean and Herb Dean, both of Kailua-Kona, Hawaii.

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In July 2006 a memorial marker was dedicated to Brad Dean's memory at the site of Thoreau's bean field at Walden. Readers will find further remembrances of Brad on his website: http://www.bradleypdean.com/remembrance_2006_07_08.htm

"How important is a constant intercourse with nature and the contemplation of natural phenomenon to the preservation of Moral & intellectual health. The discipline of the schools or of business—can never impart such serenity to the mind." Thoreau in his *Journal*, May 6, 1851.

Transcendentalism: A Belief in Spirit

Cathryn McIntyre

It is at times of the greatest adversity in our lives that we most question our beliefs about life and death. As members of the Thoreau Society, we must now come to terms with the sudden passing of Bradley P. Dean, Thoreau Scholar, Independent Researcher, Editor of Thoreau's unfinished manuscripts and since 1991, editor of this bulletin.

When someone dies whom we love as family or friend, whom we respect and admire, or whose work has been as important to us as Brad's was to so many and whose promise of future work is now left unfulfilled, how do we reconcile the loss? And what does transcendentalism offer us as we face this most difficult of life's realities?

At the 2005 annual gathering, there was a presentation entitled: "Transcendentalism: Emerson to Thoreau." I arrived at the event excited to hear what this society that dedicates itself to Henry David Thoreau would have to say about the philosophy that he devoted his life to, but much to my disappointment neither of the distinguished presenters at the event that day were able to define transcendentalism in any kind of meaningful way. One spoke of Thoreau's decision to change his name from David Henry to Henry David, as if a name change itself was something transcendental, and the other spoke only in the most general terms about transcendentalism, and admitted to being unable to answer a question posed by a student who wanted to know the definition of transcendental meditation.

From my seat along the side wall overlooking the crowd of people gathered in the Masonic Temple in Concord on that hot July day, I wondered if I was the only one there who wanted to stand up and point out the obvious missing ingredient in each of the lectures presented. While my ongoing social reticence prevented me from raising my hand and speaking out, particularly to such a large and learned crowd, I was relieved when one gentleman did. He raised a tentative hand, took to his feet and asked "What about the spiritual side of transcendentalism?" and that is what I most wanted to know. How can one talk about transcendentalism without talking about spirit? And more importantly, how can one understand transcendentalism, without first understanding its core belief, that we are spiritual beings who are part of a divine energy source that permeates all aspects of the universe, and that upon death our spirit simply returns to that source?

That is the basis for transcendentalism and it is the very thing that so many people seem to have the most difficult time understanding. There have been many books and papers written by fine scholars who carefully define every nuance of this belief system and in doing so often take us too far away from this fundamental belief, the belief that we are infinite. This revelation that life is eternal, that within each of us is the spark of that whole (what Emerson called the "Over-Soul") that ignites and illuminates our every expression, and that the very light that is within all of us will always be, is the most important aspect of transcendentalism, and it is this belief that can help us most as we face life's most difficult times.

The transcendentalists of nineteenth-century Concord rejected as rationalist and materialistic, the views of English philosopher, John Locke (1632-1704), who declared that all ideas capable of conscious understanding were derived through interaction with the physical senses, and instead embraced the views of German philosopher, Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), who believed that there were areas of knowledge that could be interpreted without the aid of human physiology. These areas were innate and intuitively understood by man, and the understanding of such ideas transcended sensation and reason.

The transcendentalists believed in what Emerson called "The Over-Soul"—a spiritual presence that pervades all aspects of man and nature. Emerson referred to it as: "that great nature in which we rest—that Unity, that Over-Soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other—We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE."

Thoreau was first introduced to Emerson's transcendental beliefs upon reading his essay, "Nature" while a student at Harvard, but Thoreau had long understood that there was a spiritual presence in all things and a direct relationship between spirit and nature. He spent the greatest part of his life outdoors, examining and chronicling the nature that surrounded him, and by doing so, established a deeper connection to the divine spirit through that nature.

On a trip to Mt. Katahdin in 1846, Thoreau experienced what was perhaps his most profoundly transcendental moment. He recorded the event later, while back at his house on Walden Pond.

As he stood on Mt. Katahdin, Thoreau observed himself existing separate and apart from his body. He wrote: "I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits, ghosts, of which I am one, that my body might, but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries! This of our life in nature, daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! The solid earth! The actual world! The common sense! Contact! Contact! Who are we? Where are we?"

Thoreau on the Intellect

The intellect of most men is barren. They neither fertilize nor are fertilized. It is the marriage of the soul with nature that makes the intellect fruitful—that gives birth to imagination.

Journal, August 21, 1851

In his introduction to Thoreau's manuscript, *Wild Fruits*, Brad describes this passage as Thoreau's "attempt to articulate the ineffable, for Thoreau on Mount Katahdin, like Moses on Mount Sinai, had beheld God (spirit) and nature (matter) face to face." And he points to a sentence in *Walden* that again illuminates Thoreau's understanding of the spiritual. In *Walden*, Thoreau states: "Not till we are lost, in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations."

In the words of the *Bhagavad Gita*, a work that both Emerson and Thoreau turned to for wisdom: "Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never. Never was time it was not, end and beginning are dreams."

And in a journal entry Emerson stated: "It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from sight and afterwards return again. Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new strange disguise. Jesus is not dead; he is very well alive; nor John, nor Paul, nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle; at times we believe we have seen them all, and could easily tell the names under which they go."

Although neither Emerson nor Thoreau supported the idea of explorations into the spiritual realm such as those practiced by many spiritualist groups in the nineteenth century and today, (Thoreau's statement "One world at a time," says it best), they each recognized the perpetual existence of the soul. For my own life, I have chosen a path that includes investigation of such things as the near death experience, reincarnation, clairvoyance and astrology, yet in all my years of research into these metaphysical areas I have found no one who more clearly understands and defines spiritual reality than Emerson or Thoreau.

In a February 28, 1840 journal entry, Thoreau wrote: "On the death of a friend, we should consider that the fates through confidence have devolved on us the task of a double living, that we have henceforth to fulfill the promise of our friend's life also, in our own, to the world."

Brad fulfilled the promise of his friend Henry David Thoreau's life by honoring him and completing for him, the work he had left undone, and the rewards are for everyone and always.

In an email Brad sent to me one day during the time when he acted as advisor to me during my short-lived graduate program at Lesley University, he expressed to me what must have been a passing moment of doubt in what was otherwise his sheer unyielding dedication to publishing Thoreau's works. Brad had put so much of his life energy into these projects, had spent so much time combing over Thoreau's every word, and working to perfect their presentation. He remarked in particular on the amount of work that had gone into *Wild Fruits*, the preparation of the manuscript, and the incorporation of the illustrations. I assured him as quickly as I could by return email that *Wild Fruits* was a beautiful book and that every moment of time and every ounce of energy expended to bring that book to publication had indeed been worthwhile. Brad's mission, as editor of Thoreau's unfinished works, was truly a remarkable and noteworthy one and it was clear to me then just how tightly his legacy was intertwined with Thoreau's.

So, what do we do now, those of us who seek to honor Brad and to continue to cultivate his vision? Brad remarked to me more than once that he hoped to one day write a biography like the one I was writing, one that incorporated facts with vivid images that brought Thoreau and the other transcendentalists to life. As I move forward I will endeavor to fulfill this shared vision.

The last time I heard Brad speak on Thoreau was at a lecture he gave on his recently published book *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker*. It was part of the Thoreau Society's 2005 Annual Gathering, and was held at Bronson Alcott's School of Philosophy. Those of us who gathered there that day were fortunate to experience Brad at his most enthusiastic and entertaining. He was full of the passion he had always had for Thoreau, and he gave what was one of the most interesting and amusing lectures I have ever heard. I will always remember Brad as he was that day, and his passion for Thoreau will forever inspire me.

That Helpful Giant (A Tribute to Bradley P. Dean)

Antonio Casado da Rocha

On December 8, 1996, I received my first letter from Brad Dean. I had sent a query to Tom Harris at the Thoreau Society headquarters about annotated editions of "Walking," and Brad helped me to locate a difficult one, privately printed in a very limited edition by some company down in Texas. Brad had a copy in his collection and sent me two pages full of his notes, which I then used in order to translate "Walking" into Spanish.

In his second letter, he recommended that I visit Concord during the time of the Annual Gathering in Concord. "That is when all the Thoreau scholars and enthusiasts are in town, and it's a lovely time of year to visit," he wrote. Then we reviewed the controversy about which title is the likeliest authorial—"Civil Disobedience" or "Resistance to Civil Government." He opted for the former, and provided me with valuable insights on this essay. For instance, he had compared Thoreau's use of the word "clog" with prior uses, such as in Madison's Federalist Paper No. 10, or in Edmund Burke's correspondence.

Our own correspondence continued before and after we met in 1998. He was always ready to share his intimate knowledge of Thoreau and his times—when he knew that I was working on a paper on "living deliberately," he sent me his own ideas about this subject, and I began to understand his passion for both independence and integrity in scholarship. He wrote,

I admire Thoreau because he frequently attained the high expectations he set for himself, despite his own meanness and quiet or hidden desperations. His writings prove the truth of this assertion and show that he thought well enough of his readers to set those same high expectations for them. After all, he bragged "as lustily as chanticler in the morning, standing on his roost," in order to wake us up. And what he wanted to wake us up to were the glorious possibilities available to each of us if we would endeavor to live deliberately, in regular if not constant quest of a full and true freedom. In this he pays each of us a high compliment. So when I have the opportunity to speak with one of Thoreau's occasional disgruntled readers, I often point to the passages in *Walden* on deliberation and

desperation—so often the very ones that have upset that reader—and explicate those concepts as best I can. And always I try to end by bringing the discussion around to a question: How can we not admire a man who, as wise as Thoreau was, thought so well of us, even if only what he really thought so highly of is what he was sure we are capable of becoming?¹

I was fortunate enough to live for three months under Brad's roof, or rather under his floor, and witnessed how much time and effort he put into creating and stocking the Thoreau Institute's website. It was never boring to be around him. His lust for life was contagious and, as Emerson wrote, "the scholar loses no hour which the man lives." Actually, the continuation of this passage includes one of Brad's favorite words, "unhandselled," one which Thoreau also used in "Ktaadn" — "Not out of those, on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare."²

Once we walked down Pine Hill discussing Thoreau's assertion that "all good things are wild and free." We envisioned a fruitful field of philosophical inquiry in this union of the wild and the free—a quest for a more comprehensive conception of the good, neither ecocentric nor anthropocentric. I think that Brad tended to identify the wild with the divine, and to fashion both in an ecumenical, universal way. Thus when he wrote the following in the introduction to his edition of the letters to Blake, he was also talking about himself:

His vision of life as a pilgrimage *toward* the fountainhead of truth is one that many will find salutary. Fundamentally, it is a spiritual vision, and every one of the world's great scriptures articulates it, each in its own fashion. The Way, the Light, the Tao, the Life. These, Thoreau believed, were all one, all Truth—each simply a different articulation of the human sense of the divine, a manifestation of the religious impulse unique to a particular time and place.³

(I believe Brad wrote "toward" in italics to emphasize that one never gets to the fountainhead; the pilgrimage is all about the journey itself, not the end, and the Wild remains as elusive as the "volatile" truths of *Walden*.)

Last year he asked me for someone who knew about Lorca's concept of the *Duende* (or "imp"), which he had found somewhat similar to that of the Wild. According to Federico García Lorca, the poet wants "to hear the dialogue of the insects beneath the boughs" and "to penetrate the current of the sap in the dark silence of great tree trunks." Brad was delighted with this exploration of wildness in poetry, and I had to admit that it sounded a little like Thoreau did in "Walking." I helped him to get in touch with Ian Gibson, one of the best Lorca scholars in Spain, but never heard much about it again.

Brad's long cherished project of an international conference in Europe—one in which scholars from different cultures could compare Lorca's *Duende*, Thoreau's Wild, the Chinese Tao, and other conceptions of the good life—has not been realized yet. But these days I am reading Lorca and discovering that Brad, once again, had a point. Lorca writes that *Duende* "is a power, not an activity; it is a struggle, not a thought. It is not a faculty, but a true living style, something that goes in your blood; it is about very old culture, and about instant creation. This mysterious power that everyone feels and no philosopher explains is, in sum, the spirit of the earth, the same one that burned the heart of Nietzsche."⁴

And Brad's too.

¹Bradley P. Dean, letter to the author, undated.

²Ralph W. Emerson, *Essays & Lectures* (New York: The Library of America, 1983), p. 62.

³Henry D. Thoreau, *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker*, (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 2004), p. 17.

⁴Federico García Lorca, *Obras completas III: Prosa* (Barcelona: Círculo de Lectores, 1997), p. 151.

Henry & Brad: My Teachers

Tim Muench

When you're ready, your teacher appears." The bookstore manager in lower Manhattan said this to me following Brad Dean's presentation of *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker* on the 150th anniversary of the publication of *Walden*—August 9, 2004. What I didn't realize was that I was getting two teachers for the price of one. I don't remember that much about Brad's talk, except that he looked the part of the Thoreauvian with his pony tail and frank, handsome face. I do recall that he highlighted Thoreau's humor as well as his tactiturnity. Afterwards I was delighted when Brad not only signed my copy of *Letters* but stamped it with the signature of "Henry D. Thoreau."

When I wrote an email to "Dr. Dean" a couple of days later expressing my appreciation, he replied, "Brad, by the gods, please do call me Brad. Dr. Dean sounds like someone who'd intimidate me!" Brad went on to thank me for my enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that was genuine then and only grows stronger over time.

Letters to a Spiritual Seeker takes us on a trip through Thoreau's final thirteen years, as he writes to his friend and admirer Harrison Blake. Brad's short but poignant introduction clearly illustrates Thoreau's powerful spiritual sensibility and propels us into the letters, and the annotations between the letters supply the needed context. We learn from the introduction that Blake served on the committee that selected Ralph Waldo Emerson to deliver the "customary address" at Harvard Divinity School's 1838 commencement that became the uncustomary "Divinity School Address." Blake's talent for spotting spiritual genius was shown to be even more extraordinary when he saw it in Thoreau before he lived at Walden Pond or any of his books had been published. In his first letter to Thoreau, he wrote, "When I was last in Concord, you spoke of retiring farther from our civilization. I asked you if you would feel no longings for the society of your friends. Your reply was in substance, 'No, I am nothing.' That reply was memorable to me. It indicated a depth of resources, a completeness of renunciation, a poise and repose in the universe, which to me is almost inconceivable; which in you seemed domesticated, and to which I look up with veneration. I would know of that soul which can say 'I am nothing.' I would be roused by its words to a truer and purer life."

Thoreau does not disappoint. Brad tells us that Blake probably destroyed all his other letters to Thoreau, but this volume presents Thoreau's 49 letters to Blake spanning the period of March 1848 to May 1861. While it is certainly unfortunate that we don't have the rest of Blake's letters, all of Thoreau's taken together can be read as a response to Blake's initial plea.

In his first letter—"Letter Two" in the volume—Thoreau suggests the power of human imagination and creativity. "Men cannot conceive of a state of things so fair that it cannot be realized. Can any man honestly consult his experience and say that it is so? . . . Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it?" He exhorts Blake, "Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life as a dog does his master's chaise. . . . Aim above morality. Be not *simply* good—be good for something.—All fables indeed have their morals, but the innocent enjoy the story." Thoreau counsels Blake in Letter Three to think carefully about how he earns his bread. "How shall we earn our bread is a grave question: yet it is a sweet and inviting question. Let us not shirk it, as is usually done. It is the most important and practical question which is put to man. Let us not answer it hastily." One reason the question of livelihood is so important, Thoreau makes clear in Letter Six, is how much time it leaves us to think and explore and simply be. "Within a year my walks have extended themselves, and almost every afternoon (I read, or write, or make pencils, in the forenoon, and by the last means get a living for my body) I visit some new hill or pond or wood many miles distant. I am astonished at the wonderful retirement through which I move, rarely meeting a man in these excursions, never seeing one similarly engaged, unless it be my companion, when I have one. I cannot help feeling that of all the human inhabitants of nature hereabouts, only we two have leisure to admire and enjoy our inheritance."

Whatever the extent of Thoreau's retirement, it did not prevent him from being aware and concerned about the state of the nation. In Letter Twelve he writes, "The whole enterprise of this nation which is not an upward, but a westward one, toward Oregon California, Japan &c, is totally devoid of interest to me, whether performed on foot or by a Pacific railroad. It is not illustrated by a thought, it is not warmed by a sentiment, there is nothing in it which one should lay down his life for, nor even his gloves, hardly which one should take up a newspaper for. . . . No, they may go their way to their manifest destiny which I trust is not mine."

When it was time to take a stand on slavery—the paramount issue of the day—Thoreau did so boldly and without hesitation. *Letters to a Spiritual Seeker* reaches a climax when John Brown leads the raid on Harper's Ferry in October 1859 to foment an insurrection against the slaveholder nation, and here we rely heavily on Brad's narrative. From the annotation to Letter Forty-Five: "On October 19 . . . the first report arrived in Concord of John Brown's raid . . . Thoreau's response to the initial reports was swift, decisive, unequivocal. Brown's character, if not his specific actions, must be defended at all hazards. Thoreau's journal, filled with observations about nature in the days leading up to October 19, is filled with nothing but his thoughts on the John Brown affair for the remainder of the month. . . . When he sent word around town that he would deliver a defense of Brown, the local abolitionists responded that a defense at that time might be counterproductive. Thoreau replied, 'I did not send you for advice, but to announce

that I am to speak.' His lecture . . . delivered . . . on October 30, made him the first person in the country to speak out publicly in support of Brown. It was a daring, even dangerous act, but wholly characteristic." On October 31 Thoreau received a telegram asking him to speak the following night in Boston in place of Frederick Douglass, who "had fled hastily for Canada, fearing reprisals for his suspected involvement in planning Brown's raid." Thoreau took the podium in front of a full house of about 2,500 people in Tremont Hall in Boston on November 1. He "spoke for an hour and a half, giving what seems to have been one of his best performances on the lecture platform, for the newspaper reports indicate that the audience listened with 'enthusiastic approval' and that Thoreau's speech was several times interrupted by applause." Brad is very clear about his assessment of Thoreau's, "A Plea for John Brown." "The lecture inaugurated a gradual swaying of the public's mind in the Free States, a development that was completed eighteen months later, when many troops assembled from those states and marched southward to the song 'John Brown's Body.'" Brad caps the passage by relating Thoreau's "wholly characteristic" course of action to his character with a quote from Bronson Alcott's diary. "Thoreau has good right to speak fully his mind concerning Brown, and has been the first to speak and celebrate the hero's courage and magnanimity. It is these which he discerns and praises. The men have much in common: the sturdy manliness, straight-forwardness and independence. It is well they met, and that Thoreau saw what he sets forth as no one else can."

Brad has left us with the gift of these letters, which he brought to us with such care and insight, adding to the legacy he began with *Faith in a Seed* and *Wild Fruits*. I wish that Brad had been given the opportunity to continue his brilliant stewardship of Thoreau's writings by bringing us the "Indian Notebooks," but I trust a worthy soul will take up that challenge so that gift will appear in due season.

Thank you, Brad. "*New suns will arise.*"

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Bradley P. Dean memorial, Walden, July 2006



Present at the dedication (left to right): Tom Potter, Nancy Frass, Mary Johnson, Mary Ricketts, Abigail Rorer, Antonio Casado da Rocha, Mike Southwood, David Dean, Jen Wollenweber Walker, Tom Harris, Bob Galvin, Gayle Moore, Sallie Potter, Barbara Wojtusik.

Notes From Concord, August, 2006

Jayne Gordon, Executive Director

At the end of August, I will be leaving my position as your Executive Director to begin a new job as the new (and first!) Director of Public Programs and Education at the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. I hope to see many of you there when you are coming in to conduct research and attend seminars, lectures, tours, conferences and workshops. In addition, I will be working on web-based resources and curricula for educators, so I am sure that my outreach efforts will connect with many of your classes in the future.

I have been a member of the Thoreau Society for over 25 years and will, of course, continue as an enthusiastic supporter and volunteer. I have just been made a Life Member to ensure that!

Many exciting things are happening right now for our organization. We have a new board president, Tom Potter, and six talented new board members. We have a new membership director, Bob Clarke, who has taken over that part of our operation from Penn State Altoona. And on September 1, Mike Frederick will be assuming my duties as Director.

Mike has been a member of the Thoreau Society for years and a member of our staff for the last three, serving as our webmaster and project specialist. I couldn't be happier to have him succeed me and we are working away to ensure a smooth, seamless transition. Jim Hayden, our retail manager, will be taking on additional duties in the areas of programming, public relations and the Friends of Walden Pond, and he and Mike make a terrific team, as anyone who has seen them in action on our Katahdin camping expeditions will attest. They are joined by Margaret Gram, our accountant, and John Chateaufort, our outreach coordinator. John is also part of our shop staff along with Jon Fadiman and Chris Roof.

For the Shop at Walden Pond, we have successfully negotiated our lease for the operation with the State, with the argument that not only do we serve visitors with the "take home" elements of their experience at Walden, but we serve as the *de facto* visitor center, complementing the work of the Park staff to orient people to the landscape, history and resource conservation issues at Walden.

The *Life With Principle* DVD-ROM will be out on the shelves by the time you receive this. Take a look at the companion website: www.lifewithprinciple.org and order this wonderful educational product through our e-commerce site: www.shopatwaldenpond.org.

From these last two paragraphs, you can see that our outreach is as grounded in Concord as was Thoreau himself, and at the same time as far-reaching as the scope of Thoreau's thought and the significance of his writings.

Finally, as my little goodbye to this particular relationship I have with the Thoreau Society, here are my wishes for us. We are well on the way in all these areas, and with your—our—continued insights and involvement, I firmly believe that we will achieve them all.

- A strong sense of our mission and how we intend to fulfill it
- Good people to carry it on: a true team with board and staff

- A vision for how we can keep Thoreau's voice alive: "so what"?
- A clear sense of our identity, contributions to any partnerships
- Ability to attract donors, funding sources and sponsors because we matter
- A diverse, healthy mix of members: academic/non-academic
- A sound system for recruiting and serving our members
- A balanced program schedule for Concord/dispersed locations
- A way to engage members wherever they live as community
- A key presence at Walden through the Shop and the Friends
- Top-rate publications that encourage/disseminate scholarship
- Expanded web presence as our chief educational connection
- Increased visibility and use of our collections
- Commitment to preservation of the birth house as our future home
- A solid financial base; reduction in deficit to a balanced budget

Jim Hayden, Retail Manager

It was great seeing so many of you at this year's Annual Gathering. We have received many positive responses to having the satellite shop at the Masonic Temple, so we will keep doing that in future years. The Saturday evening signing attracted over 200 people and we hosted 13 authors, illustrators, editors and photographers. Thanks to everyone for making both of these undertakings so successful.

If you missed the Annual Gathering, you can still be a part of it. We still have Annual Gathering Tee-shirts available through the shop in sizes from Small – XXXL! The shirts are Bimini Blue with white lettering featuring Thoreau's quotation "in wildness is the preservation of the world". The shirts are available for \$15.00 while they last through the shop. Give us a call to find out what is still available. There is no discount on these shirts.

Also available are our 2006 Walden Pond Campfire Mugs. These mugs are heavy-duty, green spatter-ware ceramic mugs. They feature the Thoreau Society logo and the words "Walden Pond 2006" engraved in white. We also have the matching 2006 Walden Pond latte mugs. These silk-screened mugs are white and feature the same design as the campfire mug, but in matching green. They are also great for soup or ice cream! We are selling each mug for \$15.00.

Don't miss the exciting Map of Concord, July 4th, 1845. This map, full of details, illustrated in the style of a nineteenth-century "Bird's Eye" map, is an excellent illustration of Concord viewed from Fair Haven Hill. It gives an accurate portrayal of the town as it would have appeared the day Henry moved to Walden Pond. Included with the poster is a detailed historical fact sheet calling out some of the details. Illustrator John Roman has produced this map through research funded in part by a Thoreau Society Fellowship (2003) and with input from many experts.

As we close out summer and start to head into fall, please remember the shop for sweatshirts, mugs, holiday gift ideas and the largest source for books on and by Henry David Thoreau. You can always visit us on-line at: www.shopatwaldenpond.org

Mike Frederick, Program Specialist and Webmaster

Good news! The *Life With Principle* educational DVD ROM is being produced as of this writing for distribution on August 15, 2006. You can purchase a copy for your school by visiting www.lifewithprinciple.org or directly at www.shopatwaldenpond.org.

The DVD ROM is a major initiative of the Thoreau Society, as most of you have heard many times already. Our membership continues to play a crucial role for the project. In the past you have assisted in developing the curriculum framework, and the two committees that were involved in its design represent individuals from 28 of the United States, including: Alaska, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia, Washington, and Wyoming. As the creative design stage concludes with the release of *Life With Principle*, the Society is now focusing on promoting and distributing the DVD ROM to schools across America and internationally. We are keenly interested in establishing networks to promote discussion of Thoreau's ideas not only within but between schools and will continue to explore the possibilities toward attaining this goal. If you are interested in having your students participate with other schools located in the United States or overseas, please contact us to share your thoughts at the email address below.

In addition, your feedback about the DVD ROM once you have viewed it is equally important to us. Previews of *Life With Principle* have already begun to generate valuable accolades. One response, for example, comes from Gregory Maguire, author of several young adult books and an acclaimed Broadway hit, *Wicked*. Maguire writes: "LIFE WITH PRINCIPLE impresses with its adroit twinning of historic and contemporary concerns, expressed in the voices of the bravely sympathetic youth and the reflective adult. It is a call for the deepening of commitment to the hoary old belief that actions matter. It is also a respectful homage to the legacy of Thoreau, a legacy that only deepens and ripens through the decades."

While we enjoy hearing positive comments, any constructive feedback is valuable. If you have viewed the DVD ROM and would like to remark on any aspect of it, or would like to involve your students in exchanges between other schools around the DVD ROM curriculum, please contact us at info@thoreausociety.org.

REMINDER

Check the Society website (www.thoreausociety.org) for a listing of scheduled events.

One last key way to begin discussing Thoreau's timeless ideas is to register yourself as a user on the recently created message board located at the Thoreau Society Home Page, www.thoreausociety.org.

Beginning November 2, 2006, the Thoreau Society will hold its third Walking Encyclopedia Auction. The earlier we begin generating donations, the better the quality of the event. Our auction has become a significant fundraising tool with the added benefit of profiling the diverse talents and interests of Thoreau Society members. We hope you will join us for this exciting event!

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John Carradine, the Actor, and His Love of Walden

Edmund A. Schofield

It is not well known that John Carradine (February 5, 1906–November 27, 1988), the stage and film actor, harbored what seems to have been an abiding interest in Thoreau—or at least in the book *Walden* and, it turns out, in Walden Pond itself. While his interest seems to have been expressed episodically and was low key, it apparently was sincere and long-lasting.

By contrast, Carradine was famous for his love of Shakespeare, which he flaunted it at every turn. In any account of

his life one is certain to learn that he was nicknamed the “Bard of the Boardwalk” owing to his “idiosyncratic habit of strolling Hollywood [as well as Los Angeles and New York] streets while reciting Shakespearean soliloquies,” “[g]randly bedecked in a red-lined satin cape and wearing a wide-brimmed hat. . . . He often toured as Hamlet.”¹

In November 1988, some eight months after the Thoreau Country Conservation Alliance (TCCA) was organized, Thomas W. Blanding, TCCA’s founding president, received a telephone call at his home from Carradine, who was in Italy at the time. Carradine was calling with an offer to help TCCA in its growing campaign to prevent two massive construction projects proposed for important sites in Walden Woods and that appeared certain to materialize. In March of that year TCCA had launched a wide-ranging, if belated publicity campaign to marshal support from people across the country and beyond in opposition to the projects; John Carradine was one of the many people who responded with generous offers of help.

For its first two or three years, TCCA’s board of directors met regularly and often in Mr. Blanding’s home at 100 Barrett’s Mill Road in Concord—in his delightfully cramped, book-lined scholar’s study, to be exact—where for quite some time TCCA’s offices also were located. Early on, the board met there at least once, and often twice, a week. Several times in November 1988, when I arrived for these evening board meetings, an earnest and spirited trans-Atlantic conversation would be under way between Carradine and some of the other board members, or would have just ended. As I recall, too, there were conversations between the regularly scheduled directors’ meetings.

We were elated by Carradine’s offer to help because one of our principal stated goals, or strategies, had been to find a well known and influential personality who would help us financially and in other ways—especially with public relations—to place our concerns before a wider public. John Carradine seemed to fit the bill perfectly, and all seemed to be going well. Our optimism was high, and the conversations were generating excitement and some concrete plans when suddenly Mr. Carradine took sick. He soon died in a hospital in Milan, on November 27th, at the age of eighty-two.²

TCCA persisted despite this disappointment, and many others, thanks to a continuous outpouring of support from many quarters. One year later—virtually, if not exactly, to the day—recording artist Don Henley contacted TCCA with his own offer of help; five months later, on Earth Day 1990, having made generous contributions to TCCA, Mr. Henley founded his own organization, the Walden Woods Project. Since then Don Henley has worked miracles in Walden’s behalf as a result of his deep and longstanding devotion to Thoreau’s ideals.

Though most of us by now understand Don Henley’s motives for stepping forward, I had often wondered why John Carradine had contacted us “out of the blue” with what appeared to be sincere and ambitious offers of support. Was it merely impulse, some momentary burst of sympathy, or was there something deeper and more lasting in his case, too, some “history” behind his interest? My question finally was answered, at least in part, when I learned not long ago that in early May 1967 John Carradine had read much of *Walden*, in twelve installments, over radio station KPFK-FM.³ Based in North Hollywood, Calif., KPFK is one of the Pacifica Network of radio stations, with outlets in San Francisco; Washington, D.C.; New York City; and elsewhere.

Carradine’s readings—which consumed a total of four hours and forty-six minutes—came at a time when opposition to the Vietnam war was surging and the so-called “counterculture” movement was ascendant. No doubt *Walden* was chosen so as to sanction the growing antipathy of young people, and of people in general, to the sinister drift of the times. Though Thoreau’s influence was already high by 1967,⁴ his influence on the course of events would continue to grow.

I lived in Pasadena not half a dozen years after Carradine’s readings and knew KPFK very well, listening to it constantly (to the exclusion of all other stations), supporting it heavily, and visiting its studios often. As usual, I made no secret of my own passion for Thoreau, yet I never once heard tell of Carradine’s readings during my eighteen months in the area, nor am I aware that they were ever rebroadcast.

The readings could have been rebroadcast because, happily, they had been recorded in their entirety. They are now available as CDs from the Pacifica Radio Archives in North Hollywood, Archive No. BB 5073a-m, under the title “Walden Pond.” For details and further information, go to <http://pacificaradioarchives.org/contact.html>.

For the benefit of scholars, I have deposited a complete set of the recordings with the Henley Library of the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods.

“John Carradine,” *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia* <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Carradine>; Albin Krebs, “John Carradine, Actor, 82, Dies; Appeared in Numerous Film Roles,” *New York Times*, November 30, 1988, page B12).

²*Loc. cit.*

³The readings were broadcast in twelve half-hour segments, from Monday, May 1, to Tuesday, May 16, 1967, a total of sixteen calendar days. The online listings do not indicate on exactly which days the broadcasts occurred, but it appears that it would have been only on the twelve weekdays during that period, May 1–5, 8–12, and 15 and 16, and not on either of the Saturdays or Sundays.

⁴As evidence of Thoreau’s prominence at the time of the broadcasts one need only note that the notorious “Thoreau stamp,” bearing (to quote W. Barksdale Maynard’s characterization in his *Walden Pond: A History*, page 273) Leonard Baskin’s “grotesque and tortured” rendering of the Maxham daguerreotype, was issued only two months after the broadcasts—during the Thoreau Society’s 1967 Annual Meeting. Lawrence and Lee’s phenomenally successful play, “The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail” (premiered April 21, 1970, in Columbus, Ohio)—which perhaps marks the zenith of Thoreau’s influence during that turbulent era—was still three full years into the future.

I deal with the truths that recommend themselves to me please me—not those merely which any system has voted to accept. A meteorological journal of the mind—You shall observe what occurs in your latitude, I in mine.

Journal, August 19, 1851

Martha Hunt in Her Own Words

Leslie Perrin Wilson

Those interested in life in Concord in 1845 are aware of the July 11, 1845 *Concord Freeman* death notice of Martha Emmeline Hunt, the nineteen year old suicide whose wrenching story Hawthorne recorded at length in his journal and later drew upon in describing the search for the body of Zenobia in *The Blithedale Romance* (1852).¹ The oldest child of struggling Punkatasset farmer Daniel Hunt, Martha Hunt keenly felt the repression of her aspirations for a rich inner life by the limited choices open to a farmer's daughter, and by the expectation that until she married—if she married—she would spend her days contributing to the precarious collective well-being of her family.

Educated as fully as her father's resources would allow, and, according to Annie Sawyer Downs, encouraged in higher pursuits by Margaret Fuller, the Channings, and the Emersons,² Martha Hunt found it difficult to cope with life as the teacher of a class of district school students (at the time of her death in District No. 4, the West Quarter³—West Concord, where she boarded during the work week to save the two-mile trip back and forth to her father's home). Her anguish made suicide seem preferable to what was to her no more than existence. Her inability to bridge the gap between day-to-day life and the life of the mind and spirit stands in sharp contrast to Henry David Thoreau's deliberate attempt to reconcile the two at Walden Pond, where he moved on July 4, 1845, days before Martha Hunt's death, and also to the story of her brother William Henry Hunt, who made the most of his opportunities and against the odds forged a satisfying life.

Several years ago, I told as much of Martha Hunt's story as I could then document in providing context for the manuscript reminiscences of her brother William Henry.⁴ In the introduction to the reminiscences, I observed that the notice in the *Freeman* for July 11 "would likely have been the only public notice of this private tragedy had not Hawthorne been one of those who searched the river for the girl's body."⁵ Recently, however, in scouring August 1845 issues of the *Freeman* for information on an unrelated topic, I came upon a lengthy obituary (August 1, 1845) that to my knowledge has not before been cited in print and that includes extracts from Martha Hunt's diary, which Hawthorne noted in his journal was "said to exhibit ... many high and remarkable traits."⁶ Since Martha Hunt's original diary has yet to be located, I was moved by the discovery of this valuable record of her thoughts in the final weeks of her life.

As indicated in its opening paragraph, the *Concord Freeman* obituary is an abridgment of a longer piece in the *Christian Register* (a Unitarian paper published in Boston)—a statement that sent me to the Boston Public Library to scroll through microfilm for the *Register* for the weeks following Martha Hunt's suicide. The full obituary is found in the issue for July 26, 1845 (Vol. 24, no. 30: 119).

Two things struck me in reading through the *Register* piece. First of all, it seems remarkable that this private and painful story was deemed appropriate for an article spanning three columns in an urban newspaper. The writer of the piece—an unnamed correspondent—explains its publication by emphasizing its

usefulness for the purposes of Christian education—a slant largely edited out of the abridged version in the *Freeman*, presumably because local emotion for Martha Hunt would have called the delicacy of such didacticism into question. Although no concrete documentation of the identity of the writer has come to light, the likely candidate is Barzillai Frost, minister of the Unitarian First Parish in Concord in 1845. The possibility that Frost wrote the piece is supported by George William Curtis's comment in *Literary and Social Essays* that the "good clergyman of the town" had interested himself in Martha Hunt's situation but failed to gain her confidence,⁷ together with the searching question asked at the end of the obituary as it appears in the *Register*: "How can friends or minister afford ... sympathy, and counsel, unless you open your hearts to them." The writer for the *Register* was both aware that the young woman's minister had not been able to help her, and concerned about the failure to intervene of those—minister included—who might have offered comfort.

Secondly, the writer quotes a passage from the diary (described as written "Apparently after hearing an Anti Slavery lecture"—an assertion in and of itself significant as evidence of the Hunt family's abolitionism) in which Martha Hunt questions whether the definition of slavery should be restricted to the institution then integral to the Southern economy and which both her family and a number of her fellow Concordians opposed: "We cry loudly for the poor, oppressed Slave, and well we may. Our loudest cry is but a faint voice which should burst forth in such anguish, as should rouse the whole earth for freedom. But slaves are not confined to color. O, God perhaps in thy sight they are least slaves. Slaves! Are we not all slaves?" In reading these words, it is impossible not to think of Thoreau's observations at the beginning of *Walden* on the oppression of human capabilities by preoccupation with making a living. "I sometimes wonder that we can be so frivolous, I may almost say, as to attend to the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery, there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both north and south. It is hard to have a southern overseer; it is worse to have a northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself." Martha Hunt struggled as Thoreau did with the malaise of her time, the tension between the inner drive to nurture spirit and individuality and the increasingly evident and consuming materialism of the world in which she lived. But for a variety of reasons, particularly her status as an unmarried woman of no means and limited social status, and her precarious mental health, she was not free to buck the status quo as Thoreau did, or to make it work for her like her brother William Henry.

I suspect that additional primary documentation of Martha Hunt's life will surface. In the meantime, her *Christian Register* obituary and its abridgment in the *Concord Freeman* afford some opportunity to hear what she had to say for herself. The full version in the *Christian Register* for July 26, 1845 is here transcribed literally, including idiosyncrasies of spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and chronology.

¹Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The American Notebooks*, ed. Claude M. Simpson (Columbus: Ohio State UP, 1972): 261-267; Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance and Fanshawe* (Columbus: Ohio State UP, 1971): 229-237.

²Annie Sawyer Downs, "Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Thoreau, Miss Alcott, Mr. Emerson, and Me," ed. Walter Harding, *American Heritage* 30:1 (1978): 98.

³Concord (Mass.), *Reports of the Selectmen and the Overseers of the Poor of Concord, Relative to the Expenses of the Town for the Year 1845-6* (Concord: The Town, 1846): 11.

⁴William Henry Hunt, "A Concord Farmer Looks Back: The Reminiscences of William Henry Hunt," *Concord Saunterer* ns 10 (2002): 65-123.

⁵Hunt, "A Concord Farmer": 73.

⁶Hawthorne, *American Notebooks*: 266.

⁷George William Curtis, "Hawthorne," *Literary and Social Essays* (New York: Harper, 1895): 58.

OBITUARY.

Miss Martha E. Hunt.

In Concord, on the 9th inst., Miss Martha E. Hunt, aged 19. This young lady, in great depression of spirits, and a temporary insanity, threw herself into Concord river and was drowned. From remarks dropped to her friends, from her letters, but especially from her private journal, kept up to the day before she committed the deed, we have a clear view of her state of mind. There is nothing in this journal that makes it improper to publish extracts. Although kept carelessly in pencil, scarcely legible, on the last leaves of a book of Italian Exercises, yet it reveals glimpses of thoughts and feeling, scarcely less deep than Augustine's Confessions. The case of this young lady is so interesting and instructive, that I cannot but think, some account of it, will be useful to the young and especially to those exposed to like mental trials.

From childhood, Miss Hunt, was subject to a constitutional melancholy, that brought her, at times, to the verge of insanity. She was gifted by nature, with a fine intellectual and moral constitution. She had an unusual thirst for knowledge, and great diligence in its pursuit. But she had a still greater thirst for spiritual excellence. This made her extremely dissatisfied with her present attainments under the most favorable circumstances. She had a physical constitution that subjected her at times to extreme depression of spirits. She was accustomed to habits of study and mental abstraction, that were unfavorable to facility in the ordinary duties of life. This increased her dissatisfaction with herself. She also had an extreme sensitiveness and diffidence, which made her shrink from communicating her feelings to others. She was thus cut off from the sympathy and advice of minds that might have cheered and guided her aright and not left to struggle alone with her mental trials. And nobly did she sustain that struggle. Her journal goes back only about two months. But, during that time, while the darkness was thickening around her, while the light of reason was becoming less steady, none but the noblest qualities of mind and heart and the most Christian resolutions appear on her Journals. In the darkest hours, when her mind was struggling with doubts and almost with despair, there is no trace of scepticism. She turned in filial confidence to God. Sometimes her mind rises to the highest devotions. May 10. She records. 'O Father! Thou art incomprehensibly great and perfect, and I, a mere atom of the dust, deep-sinning and unholy creature, incapable of conceiving of Thee, except as the Author of all that is conceivable to us. O, how the thought of Thee, fills my soul! Now is everything great, pure and beautiful. O, this is life—this my only life—Thee in all things! O, why may I not always have self thus lost in Thee!' And, when she sunk into the deepest gloom, she still clung to God as her Father, often with a pathos, as

touching as that in which Jesus cried out in the agony of the cross. June 13. She records. 'O, my God, art thou indeed my Father, who doth thus desert me! O! What have I done? I must indeed be worse, than the worst of living beings, for thine infinite perfection hath condescended to the lowest sinners—but I am so lost! The earth is a thousand pointed dagger, without a friend who careth for me—myself against myself—everything arrayed in the bitterest reproach against me—and for what? Not for what I have done, but for what I have not done.' Even in this dark hour, conscience could bring up nothing of positive sin against her; so pure had she been. She seemed mortified and wounded, that her mind dwelt so much on herself. In one record she writes. 'Am I indeed so selfish, that I think only of self?' And in another place, 'selfishness is the thorn that pierceth so.' It wounded her generous nature, that her diseased thoughts should run so much on her own sufferings. But there was no scepticism. She adds. 'Unto Thee, O God, is my cry. Support me through this dark hour, and in thy strength I will live.' This forcibly reminded me of that touching expression of the Psalmist, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

In all this trial, she preserved herself from misanthropy, as well as from scepticism. In all her dreadful sense of loneliness she never once complains of neglect. In all her high aspirations, and the consciousness of noble powers, she never complains of not being appreciated. She lays the blame, not upon God, nor upon others, nor upon outward trials, but upon herself. And when most unhappy, she rejoices in the happiness of others. June 17. She records, 'The world smiles; many people are living happy harmless lives. Thank God, that He has made some people so happy,' and then she adds, touchingly, 'It is well that the world knoweth not, what unutterable and inconceivable things are burning the very being of those who seem so happy.'

Towards the end of the Journal, she is evidently sinking deeper in gloom. Apparently after hearing an Anti Slavery lecture, she records, 'We cry loudly for the poor, oppressed Slave, and well we may. Our loudest cry is but a faint voice which should burst forth in such anguish, as should rouse the whole earth for freedom. But slaves are not confined to color. O, God perhaps in thy sight they are least slaves. Slaves! Are we not all slaves? We murmur that Thou hast tried us beyond our strength. We think of ourselves, more than of Thee.—Then we are lost. This is slavery—this is death.' In a few of her last entries her mind is evidently approaching that crisis, in which the clearer light is to be extinguished, the will dethroned, and the mind borne a helpless victim on the dark waves of despair. The day but one before her death she records. 'Our nature is oppressed to its last power of endurance. Our inner life bursts out in bitter reproaches.—But we are no longer ourselves.' But even in these moments of despair, she seems to have had glimpses of the true cause of these feelings and of their great moral purpose. In the same entry she writes, 'We lay the blame on our bodies. They are diseased. They cramp the spirit. But herein hast Thou even blessed us. These heavy chains are the links in the trial, that is to purify us for new freedom.' In another place she writes, 'Exult, O Soul; in thy trials. They are the steps that lead to life.' The last entry which was made July 6th, the day before her death shows a still clearer view of the nature of this trial and how it was to be met. She writes, 'True spirits should exult, rather than despond. A Cato lacked one thing to greatness, a patience to live on. Rise up, O! Lord, in all the strength thy God has given thee, rise and resist.—Struggle

on.—That thou hast struggled through darker hours, let this bear thee up.' But this noble purpose was borne down by the returning floods of despair that rolled back on her soul. She adds, 'Heaven knows the leaden weights that press down the bursting soul.' But even in this hour her mind turned in prayer to God. The last unfinished sentence written probably a few minutes before she left her boarding house, was this, 'Let me but rest myself in God, and' Here she broke off. Her mind seemed scattered. She left her boarding house, after school which she was keeping about two miles from home; and started to go home.—I think for sympathy, to help her through the struggle. Just before reaching home at dusk the spell returned and she turned down a bye path to the river which flowed in front of her father's house about a hundred rods distant. There she wrestled with this terrible temptation till past midnight. She got the victory and went up to the house. She told her father, who heard her come in, that she should return very early before the heat came on, to her school. She rose at 5 o'clock, and started evidently for that purpose, as she took some little articles with her, which she would want there. But as she passed by the path that led down to the river, the temptation returned. She went down. And there she struggled against these feelings two hours, as she was seen there after that time. But reason tottered, the mind lost its power of self control. God permitted this, that he might call to himself a spirit that had already suffered too much upon the earth.

The most touching thought that rises in view of this case is, that she should have gone through this mortal struggle alone, without one kind word to cheer and strengthen her. Our most bitter regret is, that having struggled so nobly against this delusion, having arrived at such right views of its course, and such noble resolutions as to the manner she would meet it, she could not have had the sympathy of one strong, Christian friend to bear her triumphantly through this trial. This was all she seemed to need. But this she could not have, because she did not reveal her heart to any one. This should teach the young, and especially those who are struggling with any trying experience, to seek the sympathy and guidance, of older and more mature minds. How can friends or minister afford this sympathy, and counsel, unless you open your hearts to them. We learn another lesson no less important, in regard to the religious education of the young. It is not the outward misfortunes and sufferings of life; it is not the temptations of the world alone, that they are to be educated to meet. Still severer trials, still greater temptations await them in their own minds. In the words of the deceased, we know not what *unutterable* and *inconceivable* thoughts are burning the very being of those who seem happy in society. In another place she exclaims. 'My animal wants are all supplied. O! who shall supply the wants of the mind?' This single instance, appeals to us with the force of a hundred sermons, to carry Christian education and sympathy to meet these wants. Communicated.

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Kenneth W. Cameron (1908-2006)

Benjamin F. Fisher

I actually got to meet Ken Cameron when our mutual friend, Richard P. Benton, another member of the English Department at Trinity College, introduced us at a NEMLA convention in Hartford in 1979. I had, of course, far longer acquaintance with the name of Kenneth W. Cameron, whose books and journals had become indispensable tools to my studies in American Renaissance writings and writers, and he and I had corresponded about letters by Sophia Hawthorne, in typescript, in the Library of Congress. As many will remember, Professor Cameron the editor—of the *Emerson Society Quarterly*, *American Transcendental Quarterly*, *American Renaissance Literary Report*—and owner-editor of Transcendental Books maintained a formality in correspondence, telephone calls, and face to face interactions as long as he thought that the persons with whom he was in contact were or would be contributors to any of those enterprises. One likewise recalls the hallmark signature, written in a bold hand, and with flourishes of curves, done with a fountain pen—no ballpoints for this man.

Once any such restrictive business barriers were passed, however, and he felt socially at ease, the formidable "Kenneth W. Cameron" departed, and Ken Cameron in person was absolutely delightful company. Truth to tell, he was an "institution" or "character," as I have heard him called. Even when he was at his greatest social ease, Ken never strayed far from literary matters. Although his chief renown came about because of his scholarship on American Transcendentalists and their works, these were not exclusive specialties. In fact his first publications, which appeared while he was still in his twenties, were textual studies of some of Shakespeare's plays. His Yale Ph. D. dissertation had as its subject another Renaissance dramatist, John Heywood. Although his subsequent research pursuits focused in the main on Emerson and Thoreau, with excursions into others connected with them, e. g., F. B. Sanborn, Ken had other subjects, including Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Whitman, Dickinson, Bryant, T. S. Eliot, Warren—or even Swinburne and other British writers. Ken was one of those fast passing teachers of English who had "taught everything." Of course he often interjected his "other self," that of an Episcopal clergyman, into conversation, not with any tone of superiority, but to illustrate some significant part of a conversation. To many, the idea that this man whose everyday home life was Spartan to the core could likewise practice the highest and most ritualistic forms of Episcopalianism seemed ironic. Ken's reaction to such wonderment, if he were in a jocular mood, would be, with a twinkle in his eye, to quote Emerson on foolish consistency. At times, though, if he felt that his companion needed a more sober response, he could respond in a terse, quite sardonic tone.

Kindred less-than-pleasant reactions might be provoked by those whose mechanics in writing did not measure up to Ken's high standards. He could be quite severe in such matters. He himself was a master of the terse expression, as his introductions to the many editions he published attest, and he could not with composure accept what he considered prose that was not "brisk." Even his dear friend and colleague, Richard Benton, once had the experience of Ken's reading a ten-page draft of an introduction to

a book, then cutting it to a single page. Benton told me that Ken's revision said as much as his own original longer version had. I know that Ken's counsels repeatedly improved my own writing, and that's an understatement.

Now let me offer some vignettes that show Ken Cameron in somewhat less strictly scholarly contexts. Referring to the NEMLA convention mentioned above, after our session Benton shepherded a group of us to a nearby restaurant, where the formal "Professor" salutation immediately disappeared, and the company did not lack conviviality. About a year later, when I was passing through Hartford enroute to my Pennsylvania home from a visit to friends in southern New Hampshire, Ken invited Dick Benton and me to meet him at his home, preparatory to going to lunch. Amazingly to me, who had known more of the private, distanced person, Ken literally showed me his home from attic to cellar. That home seemed to me to be a cross between the Library of Congress and the House of the Seven Gables, what with book stacks extending out from the walls from top to bottom of the rooms, the kitchen and Ken's bicycle room (he didn't own a car) excepted. He also showed me his flower garden, a plot that gave him great pleasure and that was a source of pride.

Ken was fortunate in living a long life during which body and mind remained sound till shortly before his death. Not only did he in the decades of the 1950s and '60s energetically and inspiringly lead groups to his favorite literary sites in and around Concord, but he showed astonishing fortitude in enduring several misfortunes in his own home when he was in his eighties. The first occurred when vandals duped him into opening his usually multiply-locked and barred door (the windows on his lovely old home were barred and shuttered by the time we became acquainted), telling him that a clergyman was required for an emergency. Once inside the house, however, this group tied Ken to a chair in an upper floor room, burned his face with cigarettes, and demanded money. He gave them the small amount he had in the house; they left, after throwing down many books from the shelves, and, still tied to the chair, he managed to work his way downstairs, maneuver off his shoes, thus permitting him to loosen the ropes binding him. He phoned the police, who came at once, but the vandals were never caught, and Ken spent many hours in the early morning reshelving his books. A year or two later he had to have prostate surgery, bicycled to the hospital, and, when he was permitted to return to his home, asked if he could cycle. The doctor forbade that request in no uncertain terms, so Ken walked home, pushing the bike through drenching rain, got a warm bath, and was once more happy and content when Dick Benton telephoned to learn how he was. A final unpleasant episode befell Ken one night when he went to the third floor to close a window against an approaching storm. As he told me afterward, he had gone up and down those stairs in the dark for forty years, but on this night he didn't bother to use a light, turned to return to the first floor, missed the step and fell down the entire flight, fracturing several ribs, a shoulder and vertebrae. About five weeks later, I visited him, found him looking no different from his usual cheery, active self. We drove out to a restaurant, where he did ask to rest one leg on the seat opposite him in the booth, to relieve pain, but otherwise one would never have known that he wasn't his physically fit, smiling and laughing self.

Although his general lifestyle seemed to be somewhat parsimonious, Ken could be extremely generous. To my offer to purchase some books, when he spoke of turning over most of his

library to Yale or Trinity, Ken merely packed up the books and shipped them to me, telling me that my good use of them would be payment enough for him. I learned from others that he could be equally generous in seeing that food was provided for needy families and in giving liberally to alleviate other kinds of wants. Although I had never seen Ken in company of small children, I really had a surprise when, about ten days after the birth of my first daughter, there arrived a very lovely card, with a gift of money enclosed that would have made an unreformed Ebenezer Scrooge wince! Ken's correspondence concerning other matters was also unfailingly witty and (VERY) informative. Thus the volume of such correspondence speaks well of the man, and the content furnishes unquestionable testimony to his dedicated scholarship. Throughout his long, active life in several planes, Kenneth W. Cameron has cast a wide, long shadow. This kind of shadow, unlike those in gloomy Gothic castles, is akin to those that bring relief to those who have had an extended time in the warm sun.

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We are indebted to the following individuals for information used in this Bulletin: Clarence Burley, Antonio Casado da Rocha, Debra Kang Dean, Chris Dodge, Sue Hobig, Richard Jones, W. Barksdale Maynard, Pierre Monette, Wes Mott, Richard Schneider, Edmund A. Schofield, Kevin Van Anglen, and Richard Winslow III. Please keep your editor informed of items not yet added and new items as they appear.

Notes & Queries

We are grateful for the contributors to this issue of the Thoreau Society Bulletin. **Antonio Casado da Rocha** is a research fellow at the University of the Basque Country, in Northern Spain; **Ben Fisher** is Professor of English at the University of Mississippi; **Cathryn McIntyre** is a writer who lives in Concord; **Tim Muench** is the Assistant Director and Controller of the Association of American University Presses; **Edmund A. Schofield** is a botanist and Director of Education at Tower Hill Botanic Garden in Boylston, Massachusetts; **Leslie Perrin Wilson** is the Curator of Special Collections of the Concord Free Public Library.

•In "Misery Loves a Memoir," (*New York Times Book Review*, July 16, 2006, p. 27) novelist Benjamin Kunkel contrasts Thoreau with the self-indulgent crop of current memorists. "What Thoreau has to overcome during his time in the woods is not a lapse in mental health. His great problem is to escape the mental health of his neighbors, their collection-plate opinions, their studious repetition of gossip."

•Sue Hobig notes that the graphic novel *Wolverine: The Brotherhood* has a central character reading *Walden* and that at his grisly death he still holds the ripped-apart book.

•Richard Jones sends a letter to the editor of the *Mountain Gazette* of Frisco, Colorado, in which the writer claims that Thoreau's childless state is an example of reduced environmental consumption. The editor's crude response suggests that Thoreau had trouble attracting women.

•Chris Dodge sends this: Peter Nabokov's *Where the Lightning Strikes: The Lives of American Indian Sacred Places* (Viking, 2006) begins with a chapter on the Penobscot, discussing "Indian Island in southern Maine" where Nabokov lived for a while in a rented garret in a "hundred-year-old house. . . on Oak Hill, a few blocks from the residence of Joseph Polis, a Penobscot hunter who guided for Henry David Thoreau during the writer's time here in the 1850s." Nabokov spends about a page describing Thoreau's time in the area as "[o]ne celebrity trespasser" who in September 1846 "joined one of the earliest climbing excursions up Katahdin." Nabokov mistakenly speaks of Thoreau's "fame" at that time, "derived from meditations written in semisolitude and material simplicity in a homemade cabin beside a pond outside of the town of Concord, Massachusetts." Nabokov describes Thoreau's experience with liberal quotes from *The Maine Woods*, then adds: "To Thoreau's credit, the experience only tied his curiosity tighter to the Penobscot way. With these same Penobscot guides, he returned to the Maine woods in 1853 and 1857. Until tuberculosis cut short his life, he compiled eleven volumes of notes for a projected Indian book. Spellbound by how Indian culture evoked the 'eternity behind me as well as the eternity before,'" . . . Nabokov also reports on stories he was told of "the island's spookier side"—anecdotes about alleged ghosts—and notes, as Thoreau once wrote, "these Indians were a winter rather than a summer people, a moon rather than sun people, night folk rather than day, as if withholding their portion of diurnal time as a way to resist total domination by the surrounding whites."

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